

To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy slave-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May haue the world in Empire.

Ape. Would 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. Ile say th' hast Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery.

Tim. Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman.

Enter the Banditti.

1 Where should he haue this Gold? It is some poore
Fragment, some slender Out of his remainder: the mere
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd
He hath a masse of Treasure.

3 Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply vs easily: if he couetously referue it, how
shall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:

'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Saue thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

2, Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,

You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not

In holier shaps: For there is boundlesse Theft

In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues

Heere's Gold: Go, sucke the subtile blood o'th Grape,

Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,

And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,

His Ant. dotes are poyson, and he slayes

More then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,

Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.

Like Workemen, He example you with Theeuery:

The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction

Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,

And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.

The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues

The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne

From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.

The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per-
swading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus aduises
vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery.

2 Ile beleue him as an Enemy,

And giue ouer my Trade.

1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
miserable, but a man may be true.

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

Is you'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?

Full of decay and sayling? Oh Monument

And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?

What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,

Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends.

How rarely does it meete with this times guise,

When man was with to loue his Enemies:

Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo

Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo,

Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe

vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.

My deereft Master.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.

Then, if thou grun't, th' art a man.

I haue forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I neuer had honest man about me, I all

I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witness,

Nu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe

For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weepe?

Come neerer, then I loue thee

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty mankind: whose eyes do neuer giue,

But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:

Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,

I'accept my greefe, and whil't this poore wealth lasts,

To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?

It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.

Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man

Was borne of woman.

Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse

You perpetuall fober Gods. I do proclaime

One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:

No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.

How faine would I haue hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,

I fell with Curfes.

Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise:

For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou

Thou might'st haue sooner got another Service:

For many so arriue at second Masters,

Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,

(For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure).

Is not thy kindnesse subtile, couetous,

If not a vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,

Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose breast

Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:

You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.

Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.

That which I shew, Heaven knowes, is meereely Loue,

Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatch'd minde;

Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleue it,

My most Honour'd Lord,

For any benefit that points to mee,

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,

Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie

Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy.

But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:

Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,

But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,

Ere thou releue the Begger. Giue to dogges

What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted wood:

And may Diseases like vp their false bloods,

And so fare well, and thriue.

Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curfes

Stay not: Flye, whil't thou art blest and free:

Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.

Exit

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?

Does the Rumor hold for true,

That hee's so full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.

Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinica* and *Timandyla*

Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd

Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.

'Tis saide, he gaue vnto his Steward

An mighty summe.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,

Ha's bene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:

You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,

And flourish with the highest:

Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues

To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:

It will shew honestly in vs,

And is very likely, to load our purposes

With what they trauaile for,

If it be a iust and true report, that goes

Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now

To present vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time

But my Visitation: onely I will promise him

An excellent Peece.

Poet. I must serue him so too;

Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best.

Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th Time;

It opens the eyes of Expectation.

Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,

And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,

The deede of Saying is quite out of vse.

To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;

Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament

Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement

That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,

Thou canst not paint a man so badde

As is thy selfe.

Poet. I am thinking

What I shall say I haue provided for him:

It must be a personating of himselfe:

A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,

With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries

That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Must thou needs

Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?

Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?

Do so, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seeke him.

Then do we sinne against our owne estate,

When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True:

When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night;

Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.

Come.

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:

What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt

In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?

'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,

Setlest admired reuerence in a Slave,

To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:

Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.

Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd

To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:

Hauing often of your open Bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends false off,

Whose thanklesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)

Not all the Whippes of Heaven, are large enough:

What, to you,

Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaue life and influence

To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer

The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude

With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go,

Naked men may see't the better:

You that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best scene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my selfe

Haue trauail'd in the great showre of your guifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come

To offer you our seruice.

Timon. Most honest men:

Why